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MEMORIES OF CHARLES DICKENS.

By MALTUS QUESTELL HOLYOAKE.

MUCH has been written about Charles Dickens, and much more will doubtless be written. The public delight in Dickensiana is not likely to be sated in our time. The slightest personal recollection of him, or discovery of fresh facts respecting the characters he created or the localities he depicted, is always read with universal avidity. Though one of those persons, daily getting less numerous, who remember Dickens in the flesh, my memories of him may not be very vivid or very remarkable; but such as they are, I doubt not that some lover of the dead author will read them with interest.

Some forty years ago, when the immortal writer whose name is now a household word in all countries was witching the world with noble writing, I was a very small boy; but even then Dickens was a much-appreciated novelist with me, and one of the first masters of fiction with whose works I became acquainted. I well remember, in my childhood's days, the issue of *David Copperfield*, in green-covered monthly parts, with two illustrations by 'Phiz' (Hablot K. Browne), price one shilling. The publication of these parts was awaited all over England with interest and impatience. In my own home their appearance was looked for with pleasurable expectancy; for, as a treat, my elder sister used to read to a select auditory, consisting of my mother, my brother, and myself, chapters of poor Doady's adventures. These informal readings took place after tea, and sorry were we when the part was exhausted, and we had to wait for the next instalment. In this way I became acquainted with the magniloquent Micawber, the good-humoured Traddles, the slimy Uriah, the child-wife Dora, the faithful Peggotty, the Royalist Mr Dick, and the rest of the characters of that delightful book, which I have re-read many times, and was reading only the other day with unabated enjoyment.

I am very conscious that such memories of the famous novelist as I have preserved in my mind

must seem 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' reading, after the recent reminiscences of his son, Charles Dickens the younger—now, too, no more; but as some justification of my temerity in penning such few facts as I can recall, I may mention that my earliest recollections were associated with Dickens. At the time of which I write my home was a house overlooking the grounds of Tavistock House, where he resided, and I used frequently to see him walking in those grounds, taking, I imagine, a quiet constitutional when the demands upon his time did not permit of his taking the pedestrian exercise in the direction of Highgate or Hampstead, of which he was so fond. At the end of the garden of our house was a substantial outhouse, used as a play-room by us children. This outhouse was roofed with lead, and the roof being flat, it formed a point of vantage from which I used to watch Dickens's sons (each now of distinction in his own branch of life) playing cricket and other games, with, as often as not, their distinguished father looking on. Both before and since Dickens lived there, Tavistock House possessed other notable residents, and Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, Frank Stone the Royal Academician, Mr (now Sir) James Stansfeld, Georgina Weldon, and Gounod the composer have at various times been occupants.

As I lived amid literary surroundings, and as my father, George Jacob Holyoake, combined the allied occupations of author, editor, publisher, and lecturer, it is not to be wondered at that as a youth I possessed literary aspirations; and, as is the case with many others, they were about all I did possess at that time. An ardent desire which actuated me to make the fortune of a publication with the discernment to recognise the genius of my pen was not gratified; and although the Thames flows conveniently near Fleet Street, I found that my efforts at authorship did not set that river on fire. They might, however, have assisted to create a fire of some sort in an editorial office; but if so, I knew it not. It was only natural that I should wish to give an editor for whose works I had

such admiration as Dickens the advantage (?) of publishing some of the (in my own estimation) brilliant articles I was then producing. I therefore, being sixteen years of age at the time, sent one of my effusions to *All the Year Round*. It was promptly returned, as no doubt it deserved to be, with one of the usual notes of rejection in the lithographed handwriting of Dickens in the blue ink which he always used. Writers do not as a rule, I believe, trouble to keep the brief and unwelcome editorial intimations that their contributions are 'declined with thanks,' 'unsuitable,' or returned 'owing to want of space,' but I have preserved the communication from *All the Year Round* thirty-five years, and here it is:

OFFICE OF 'ALL THE YEAR ROUND,'

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 26 WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C., April 12th, 1862.

Mr Charles Dickens begs to thank the writer of the paper entitled 'A Reminiscence of the Prince Consort' for having done him the favour to offer it as a contribution to these pages. He much regrets, however, that it is not suited to the requirements of *All the Year Round*.

The manuscript will be returned under cover, if applied for as above.

All the Year Round has long ago been incorporated with *Household Words*, which it superseded on its first appearance on April 30, 1859, after the disagreement Dickens had with his publishers. It was in *All the Year Round* that Dickens's novels *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations* first appeared. As most readers of Dickens's works know, the original of Boythorn in *Bleak House* was Walter Savage Landor, the poet; and it is a singular fact that the last contribution of Dickens himself to the publication now absorbed by *Household Words* was an article on the irascible but kind-hearted author of *The Pentameron*.

Another document I possess in Dickens's hand-

'copy.' 'Copy,' some readers may be unaware, is a printer's term for manuscript.

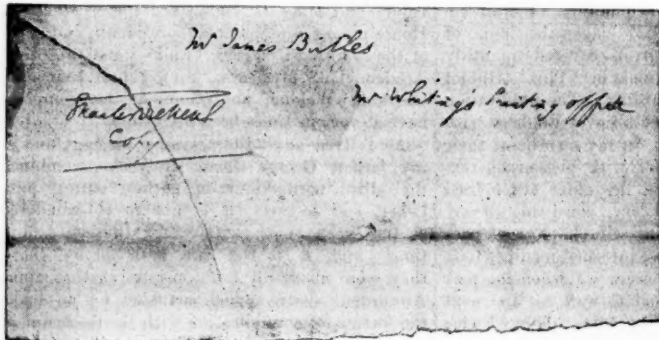
The eldest son of the novelist, in his recently published recollections of his father, states that in his opinion the strain and excitement consequent on Dickens's public readings in England and America had a distinct effect towards shortening his life. I had the good fortune to hear him read a selection from his works at St James's Hall. One was the story of Little Emily, from *David Copperfield*, and I shall never forget the height of dramatic power to which he rose when describing the death of Steerforth. In my mind's eye I can see him now. He so threw himself into the tragic spirit of the incident (and who should so truly interpret the meaning of a passage, and the real effect intended, as the writer who created it?) that I never wondered to hear that at the conclusion of his reading he was exhausted and almost fainting.

Once, when a boy, I was reading *Bleak House*, after a long illness, and burst into tears when I came to the death of poor Jo, so greatly did Dickens's touching description of the imaginary death of the little crossing-sweeper affect me. A pathetic passage in a book, or a pathetic voice in a play always gives me a cold shiver down the spine, and a choking sensation in the throat even now. If the mere perusal of the creations of Dickens's genius, according as they were grave or gay, could affect the sensibilities of his readers, as I doubt not they have others besides myself, how much more were their emotions aroused when under the spell of the author's unequalled elocutionary powers!

Dickens acted every piece he read, and moved his audience to smiles or tears as his theme was humorous or pathetic. In the murder scene in *Oliver Twist*, where Bill Sikes slays Nancy, Dickens was especially dramatic, and his hearers held their breath, enchained by the horror and intensity of his description. This piece, too, which involved study and both mental and physical strain, affected Dickens's nerves and health. Dickens it must be remembered was

reading all the evening. No actor who impersonates a single character is ever so long and continuously at full tension as was the case with Dickens; and the actor has frequent rests between his appearances on the stage. The present generation cannot realise the intensity with which Dickens, a born actor, gave his wonderful representations. For an author to read his works in public was then a

novelty; and Dickens's unparalleled success in his new and arduous undertaking created a sensation and excitement that nowadays cannot be adequately comprehended. The influence of his readings, too, was to awaken the better feelings of humanity; and how many seasonable and kindly thoughts and charitable deeds were inspired by



writing is an old, torn, large-sized blue envelope endorsed 'Charles Dickens Copy,' and addressed to 'Mr James Birtles, Mr Whiting's Printing Office.' It was rescued from Mr Whiting's wastepaper basket by a friend and given to me as a literary relic. I have treasured for many years this torn envelope that once contained Dickens's

his reading of *A Christmas Carol* alone will never be known. It was a lay sermon that would tend to bring nearer the golden time when

Each man works for all men's good,
And all men work in noble brotherhood.

Another occasion on which I saw Dickens was at a meeting at the Adelphi Theatre in connection with the Royal Dramatic College. Charles Dickens, whose interest in theatrical matters needs no enlarging upon, was in the chair. At that time I was assisting my father at his Fleet Street publishing house, and being so near the Adelphi Theatre, I seized the opportunity of running down to hear what Dickens might have to say. The meeting was held in the afternoon, and it comes back to me after all the long years that have passed, how dull and dingy the theatre looked in the daytime. Dickens, to my disappointment, gave a thoroughly business-like address, unrelieved by brilliancies of thought or touches of Dickensian humour as I had hoped. He, however, made a model chairman, and dealt with several interruptions in a manner which showed intimate acquaintance with the procedure of public assemblies. Edmund Yates, the beau-ideal of a smart young literary 'man about town,' was there. Yates was then writing the 'Flâneur' in the *Morning Star*, a column of club gossip which was the pioneer of the personal paragraph so universal nowadays. He made the best speech of the afternoon, and in speculating upon the prospects of the College anticipated a time when it might possibly have

Prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

I could not help remarking, in my own mind, how neatly the Tennysonian quotation was introduced, and how cleverly Yates led up to it.

The last time I saw Dickens was in 1863, at the funeral of William Makepeace Thackeray, to which I accompanied my father. Although December, it was as bright and sunny as a summer day. On getting out at the railway station we encountered George Cruikshank, with whom in early life Thackeray had studied etching, and whose illustrations were a feature of Dickens's earlier works. Cruikshank was then in his seventieth year. He walked with us to Kensal Green Cemetery, and the day being warm I carried his overcoat. The great temperance artist was as quaint and odd in manner and appearance as any of his own caricatures. 'George,' as his intimates called him, possessed histrionic tastes, and used to appear as Macbeth and in other Shakespearian characters at Sadler's Wells. He was associated with Dickens, too, in the amateur performances in connection with the promotion of the Guild of Literature and Art. Cruikshank was also a volunteer officer, and, on the occasion of some review, a comic bard wrote, in allusion to his temperance proclivities, lines which I still recall :

Fancy Cruikshank, if you please,
On a horse with groggy knees !

At Kensal Green Cemetery we found Mr Moneure D. Conway, then newly arrived in England, with whom I had already the pleasure of being acquainted. The biographer of Thomas

Paine was then and until recently the minister of South Place Chapel, Finsbury—a worthy successor of W. J. Fox, M.P., Unitarian preacher, Anti-Corn-law agitator, and one of the founders of the *Westminster Review*. Another mourner at the graveside to whom my father introduced me was Louis Blanc, the French Republican, then in exile. I regarded with respect and attention the politician whose writings created the Revolution of 1848. Louis Blanc possessed an intellect as great as his form was diminutive, and was eminently one to

Be measured by his soul ;
The mind's the standard of the man.

He was very sensitive of his small stature, which had exposed him on more than one occasion to the painful ridicule of the feeble-minded. It is related by a biographer of forty years ago, that at the outset of his public life he embraced the diplomatic profession, and having been appointed secretary to his cousin, he first attended one of the parties of the famous Duchesse de Dino. Reports of his attainments and ambitions had preceded him, and his appearance was awaited with interest. He was presented by his uncle, the celebrated Pozzo di Borgo ; and on the announcement of the well-known name, all eyes were directed to the uncle, whose portly form concealed the dwarfish dimensions of his nephew. Arrived at the head of the room, the veteran Ambassador said to the Duchess, 'Permit me to introduce to your notice my nephew.' The lady raised herself with a languid air from the sofa, and exclaimed in a tone of sweet bewilderment, 'Where is he ? I should be delighted to see him.' That evening Louis Blanc resigned the post which had been obtained for him with much difficulty by his uncle. The result of his unfortunate reception may be traced in every line of his work, *The History of Ten Years*, which Louis-Philippe was often heard to declare acted as a battering-ram against the bulwarks of loyalty in France. At another time, in England, it is reported that Blanc was driven into a state of almost madness by a lady in whose country-house he was detained by stress of weather, asking him if he would mind sleeping in the child's bed. In 1839 Blanc was attacked one night in the streets of Paris and repeatedly stabbed by an unknown assailant. He was left for dead. His attempted assassination was an act of vengeance for a political article he had written. Louis Blanc had a twin-brother who was at that time in Spain, and who felt strange pains, as if from blows, in the same part of his body, and at the same moment, as his brother in Paris was wounded. Before information reached him, he had already written to know if any misfortune had occurred. The elder Dumas founded his play *The Corsican Brothers* on this incident. On the establishment of the French Republic, Louis Blanc returned to the country he had served, and suffered for, and for many years before his death enjoyed the honour to which he was entitled.

Grouped round the grave of Thackeray were many names distinguished in literature, art, or the drama. Anthony Trollope, the novelist ; Mark Lemon, then editor of *Punch* ; George Henry Lewes, philosopher and critic ; Sir Theodore

Martin; Isaac Butt, the predecessor of Parnell; Sir W. H. Russell, the *Times*' war correspondent; Sir John Millais; Shirley Brooks, afterwards Lemon's successor in the *Punch* editorship; Miss Braddon, who had but recently disclosed *Lady Audley's Secret*; Charles Mathews, the actor; Henry Cole, C.B., of the first exhibition fame; Tom Taylor, afterwards the successor of Brooks in the *Punch* editorship; John Hollingshead, not then, I fancy, flickering round 'the sacred lamp of burlesque'; Creswick, the Royal Academician; Robert Browning; and many others, of more or less celebrity, were there. Charles Dickens stood beside Browning, and many besides myself gazed with interest at the keen-looking, handsome, starry-eyed writer. Dickens was not in mourning, and was wearing trousers of a check pattern, a waistcoat of some coloured plaid, and an open frock-coat. He seemed larger in stature and more robust than I had ever before noticed him. Most of those whose names are mentioned as assembled to pay the last tribute to Thackeray are now dead, and seven years later Dickens himself was no more: 'All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.'

Writing at the time to Wilkie Collins, Dickens thus expressed himself regarding the death of his fellow-novelist:

'You will have heard about poor Thackeray's death—sudden and yet not sudden—for he had been alarmingly ill; at the solicitation of Mr Smith and some of his friends, I have done what I would have most gladly excused myself from doing if I felt I could, and have written a couple of pages about him in what was his own magazine. Therein I have tried, so far as I could with his mother and children before me, to avoid the fulsome and injudicious hash that has been written about him in the papers, and delicately to suggest the true points in his character as a literary man. Happily, I suppose, you can have no idea of the vile stuff that has been written; the writers particularly dwelling on his being "a gentleman," "a great gentleman," and the like, as if the rest of us were of the tinker tribe.'

The original of this letter was recently sold at Sotheby's for fifty pounds.

In *Bleak House* Charles Dickens called attention to Chancery cases dragging their slow length along, and Jarndyce v. Jarndyce is doubtless entitled to the credit of lessening some of the law's delays. *Oliver Twist*, too, contained a vigorous attack on the shortcomings of the poor-laws, which have since been much amended. In another of his works, Dickens's description of the world-famed Circumlocution Office had a good effect on the red-tapeism of government departments. It is a wonder his powerful pen was never tempted to ridicule the laws affecting the press, seeing that he was a victim to them; for it is a fact, forgotten by many and never known by others, that at the time of the agitation for the repeal of the Newspaper Stamp Duty, proceedings were taken by the Inland Revenue authorities against Dickens for issuing the *Household Narrative of Current Events* unstamped, it being a publication 'containing news to be dispersed, and made public; to use the phraseology of the long-dormant act of parliament entitled the Tenth of Queen Anne. It was known that Queen Anne was dead, and everybody thought

the act was too; but it was not so. A great statesman held that nothing so soon secures the repeal of unjust laws as their stringent execution. It was with this object in view that the Committee for the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge, in their zeal for the cause of a free press, instigated the authorities to prosecute the great novelist. In doing this, however, they undoubtedly did Dickens a bad turn, as the publication of the *Household Narrative* was suspended at a loss to him of, it was believed, £4000 a year. My father, who gives an account of the matter in the chapter of his *Autobiography* entitled 'The Trouble with Queen Anne,' mentions that when the Dickens trial came on, the cry in the newspaper offices was—'What the Dickens is news?'—a very obvious, but not remarkable witticism.

Dickens, like his great contemporary Thackeray, and the late Robert Louis Stevenson, was struck down in the midst of uncompleted work. The kindly satirist left *Denis Duval*, and the invalid exile of Samoa, *Weir of Hermiston* and *St Ives*, as fragmentary memorials of undiminished powers. It is well-known, however, that the last novel of Dickens, the unfinished *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, was not by any means equal to his other works; indeed, his friend Wilkie Collins in a pencil note to his copy of Forster's *Life of Dickens*, described it, though with all sympathy, as 'the melancholy work of a worn-out brain.' The impending breakdown of the health and constitution of the bright, energetic, and genial writer was of course unknown to either his friends or the public, who regarded what had already appeared of *Edwin Drood* as a failure. Indeed, in one of the humorous periodicals appeared an imitation of it in Dickensian language, in which a nocturnal visitor is imagined, as penetrating into Dickens's sanctum, where he is busy writing, and beseeching the author to reveal to him (for certain reasons, which I forget) the mystery in which all the world is interested.

'Tell me what really is the mystery of *Edwin Drood*?' urges the inquisitive intruder. At last, yielding to long-continued importunity, Dickens replies in low and sepulchral tones:

'The mystery is how it sells.'

This anecdote sufficiently indicates that the adverse opinion of the critics must have been very strong to have found reflective expression in a comic journal.

John Forster, the biographer of Dickens, considered him 'the most popular novelist of the century,' a verdict endorsed by Wilkie Collins, with the proviso—'after Sir Walter Scott.' It is, however, the fashion of certain writers nowadays to disparage Dickens's works; but such comments would have little effect on those who have read his books. There are writers who claim to be authorities on literature, who, so to speak, put Dickens on to a pair of intellectual scales, and adjudge accurately to their own satisfaction his fictional merits or demerits, and define his exact position among literary luminaries. Without pretending to literary infallibility myself, it has always seemed to me that Dickens is so popular with the people, because he wrote of the people. Most of his scenes and characters were those of ordinary every-day life, and would be thus interesting to ordinary every-day people. We like to read of things familiar to us, just as we hail

with pleasure the reproduction of some well-known spot as a scene in a drama. It is true that the characters of Dickens are pen caricatures, accentuating the characteristics that he wished to portray; but his incidents are natural, and such as might be expected to occur, and he strikes chords which we all recognise. Dickens represents the domestic virtues, the home scenes appealing to every one. President Lincoln said that God loved the common people, and that is why he made so many of them. Dickens also loved the common people, and that is why he wrote for them. Readers fond of a rattling tale of life on the ocean wave by a sailor would choose Marryat; admirers of backwoods and prairie adventure would prefer Mayne Reid; lovers of cultured and intellectual romance may perhaps select Bulwer Lytton; those in search of rollicking Irish fun put their faith in Charles Lever or Samuel Lover; whilst for playful and tender satire Thackeray is sought. But for life as we know it, thoughts that we think, and homely experiences common to us all, Dickens is paramount.

A NIGHT IN AUSTIN FRIARS.

CHAPTER II.—AT THE BRINK.

The door opened, and *she*—the girl who had turned the key upon him in Austin Friars—stood there.

'Miss Warrener?'

It was Miss Warrener; there could be no shadow of doubt, for the manager's letter was open in her hand. But a still greater surprise was in store for Ringham that morning. No sooner had she greeted him, more cordially than he as a stranger had reason to expect, than the girl hastened to inquire:

'You have seen Mr Grinold?'

'No.'

'Why not?' and her voice expressed vexation. 'He was looking for you every hour of yesterday. He is an old man, feeble in health, and he cannot bear the suspense. Will you go to him now?'

'I am afraid,' said Ringham, 'that it's out of the question. It was Mr Warrener's wish'—

'My father? He knows nothing,' said the girl, 'absolutely nothing, about the business which has brought you to England. Nobody does, except Mr Grinold and myself.'

'Nobody except this girl!' Ringham thought. The situation was becoming each moment more puzzling. Should he confide all his trouble to her? It suggested itself favourably to his mind. Meanwhile the task which had been imposed upon him, the task of breaking the news of Anthony Grinold's death, took an exaggerated shape in his brain. He tried to lead up to a contemplation of the bereavement suggestively:

'There was a block on the line—you know what a foggy day it was—and, therefore, how was it possible to reach Mr Grinold yesterday? And now, this morning—as I learn from Mr Warrener—he is so seriously indisposed'—

'Mr Grinold ill—seriously ill?' and while speaking she moved towards the door. 'I will go to him at once, and'—

'No! I entreat you,' Ringham interposed, 'don't go. You—you can do no good—now.'

She glanced round, her look stricken with dread. 'Can you mean—is it possible—too late?'

Ringham made no answer, but he bent his head as a tacit token to her that she had surmised the truth.

Helen Warrener stood near the window, staring blankly before her. Her lips trembled; her beautiful dark eyes had filled with tears. Ringham watched her grief unobtrusively, moved by a sense of wonderment and admiration. What mysterious link of sympathy had held this young girl in such close communion with the old financier of Austin Friars?

Presently, seeming almost to divine his thoughts, she turned to him and said:

'You didn't know him, did you, Mr Ringham?'

'I never even heard his name till this letter'—and he touched his breast-pocket—'a letter of introduction, was given me to Mr Grinold.'

'He was in a fever of impatience to get the securities into his own hands; and when he peered out upon the foggy weather—when he learnt that the mail-train might not reach London until after banking hours—he had a presentiment that— Why, Mr Ringham,' she suddenly broke off, 'how perplexed you look! Does it surprise you that I should know more about Mr Grinold than my father—than any one? It will surprise you still further to learn how I came to make his acquaintance. It was in a top room in Austin Friars.'

'In Austin Friars?'

'Yes; three or four years ago. Does it interest you? To me it proved quite a weird experience. I cannot tell you everything, though perhaps I may do so another day; but I can tell you how the meeting between Mr Grinold and myself came about. Should you like to know?'

Ringham willingly assented. A top room in Austin Friars! He could hardly restrain the impulse to question her. Was it the garret in which he had lodged—the chance was not remote—in which he had been robbed? He would speak presently, when she had spoken. He would relate his own experience in a top room in Austin Friars, and with a full sense of trust in her generosity to give credence to his story. Meanwhile—

'It happened when I was barely seventeen,' said Helen; 'and I had got tired of waiting in the office for my father. He was busy over the books; and it was such dreary work sitting on a stool watching the leaves of his ledger flying to and fro as though caught in a high wind. It was monotonous; and so, while he was absorbed in his work, I slid off my stool and crept upstairs.'

She little thought how easily Ringham followed her as she went, step by step. The whole scene,—by the light of flickering matches—instantly recurred.

'I wandered from room to room,' she went on, 'until I came to a back attic on the top floor that took my fancy. There was a big, cosy armchair in this room; and after my tiring expedition—I had never ventured upstairs before—I sat down to rest. It was such a sultry summer's afternoon—the house was so silent—and I fell asleep.'

He could see her there—it was assuredly the garret in which he had slept—in the great chair, with her lovely brown head resting upon one of the arms. And then—

'When I woke it was night. Mr Grinold came in with a light and found me there. He had never heard of my existence before, though my father had been in his employment for ever so many years. From that night Mr Grinold and I were the best of friends. He constantly invited me to his house. Upon the first day I went to see him he discovered that I had a head for business, and as a proof that he was in earnest, began to consult me seriously about his affairs. One day, not many weeks ago, he told me, in the strictest confidence, that he had worked out a scheme by which he calculated to double his fortune at a single stroke. It was a scheme for investing his whole capital in foreign bonds.'

'Not everything?' said Ringham in consternation.

'His whole fortune,' the girl affirmed. 'He even went so far as to mortgage the house in Austin Friars. But he kept everybody in ignorance of his speculation. My father would have opposed him; and Mr Shuttleworth, his lawyer, would have considered him insane. But Mr Grinold had a master-mind for finance, and could dispense with other people's advice. He seized the chance offered him, as you know, by your bank in Cairo. His capital was doubled. These foreign bonds, when realised, will show the estate to be worth thirty thousand pounds. Isn't that about the figure?'

While she still spoke Ringham was bracing himself to tell her everything. It seemed to him that Anthony Grinold would have urged him strenuously—was urging him in the spirit—to pursue this course. By a frank avowal might he not win an ally? The lawyer Shuttleworth—her father too—would doubtless regard his story of a night in Austin Friars with suspicion; and it would perhaps be in Helen Warrener's power to direct and aid him. One word from her might save him from stumbling blindly into entanglements; for if any doubt were thrown upon his word he might have reason to view the future with grave concern. But, as fate would have it, he was debarred from putting this worthy resolve into force. There was a rattling of the latchkey in the front-door, a footstep in the hall, and next moment Helen's father came in.

'I've not seen Shuttleworth yet,' he said, answering Ringham's inquiring look. 'But I've had a note from him. He's coming round as soon as he can get away. I told you what a busy man he was. There's no knowing when he'll turn up.'

Ringham craved to be alone. He knew that no further talk with Helen Warrener—no reference to the stolen bonds—would now be possible. He would be compelled to act independently. No time must be lost in writing to the bank in Cairo. His version of the disaster should be despatched to-night; his record of the garret mystery in Austin Friars; and then Shuttleworth would have to be faced. He pleaded a business engagement, and hastened to take his leave; though with the distinct understanding that he should be sent for at the 'Two Swans' the moment the lawyer made his appearance.

The letter to Cairo was completed; nothing had been kept back; and Ringham now paced to and fro in his room at the 'Two Swans,' each minute expecting the summons to Charterhouse Square. His courage began to waver. What would Helen

Warrener have thought after all? Mr Grinold's whole fortune gone! How could he hope to be believed? He stopped before his window and looked out upon the great, noisy thoroughfare. The street lamps were being lighted already; another fog-ridden, wintry night was closing around the crowded city. He pressed his hand to his heated forehead. What was there to hinder him from flight? It would not take him two minutes to pack his valise; his coat was hanging temptingly over the back of a chair. His look was desperate; his brain throbbed loudly, 'Flight—flight!' He heard it in the roar of traffic without, in voices raised to shrill cries and maddening shouts, in the scurrying tramp of human life that hurried by. He stood at the brink; one step and the tide would carry him onward—beyond recall.

Meanwhile John Warrener, seated in his little back parlour beside the hearth, had the appearance of a man resolved to take his troubles easily.

'Well, Helen!' said he, 'I don't know what will become of us; our only support is removed. Who's likely to prop me up at my time of life?'

'Perhaps Mr Shuttleworth—' Helen began.

'Not he! Shuttleworth knows I've fallen into lazy habits of late. And not to be wondered at either! Lazy habits? Why, there's been no business doing in Mr Grinold's office for many a day. He dismissed all his clerks, as you know, a while back. It's surprising he didn't turn me adrift. He had a tidy fortune at one time,' said the ex-manager retrospectively; 'but I don't know what became of it! Lost it all, maybe; there's no saying.'

Helen made no answer. It was not for her to instruct her father about Mr Grinold's affairs. Mr Shuttleworth would presently be here, and then, when Mr Ringham had stepped over from the 'Two Swans,' every detail would doubtless be discussed. She was in no mood to touch upon the matter now.

The subject which gave her most anxiety—more than she would have cared to admit—had reference to her father's prospects. His affairs were in a serious plight. He had worked for Mr Grinold, ever since the financier had retired from active business, at a reduced salary. They had got into money troubles in consequence; and as a matter of fact, Mr Shuttleworth, being taken into their confidence, had more than once helped them out of their difficulties. And Helen now recognised, with a sense of growing despair, that the problem with regard to repayment of that debt was one that might never be solved; and, what made the thought of their liability still more uninviting, Mr Shuttleworth had lately shown her marked attention. She was brooding over these matters—her father having fallen into a doze—when there came a knock at the front-door. John Warrener looked up blinkingly. 'It's Shuttleworth. Will you go to him, Helen? I'll just collect my thoughts, and join you in two seconds. I've been dreaming about Mr Grinold's money, I do believe!'

Ralph Shuttleworth was standing upon the hearth-rug, warming his hands over the fire in the drawing-room, where the lamp had been lighted and the curtains drawn. He was a well-built, handsome bachelor of eight-and-thirty, with a keen-featured, close-shaven face. His

hands were long and delicate, and persistently expressed to Helen a grasping nature. She was vexed with herself for harbouring this fancy, for she had never had cause to regard the lawyer otherwise than as a frank-natured and generous friend. No woman was more quick to discover good qualities in others; and when discovered, as in Shuttleworth's case, she was ever ready to shut her eyes to a real or imagined blemish. To-night his look was unwontingly sedate, as became the occasion; and he ventured to retain her hand in his own while uttering words of sympathy and condolence.

'I have lost a friend,' said Helen simply—'a true friend.'

'A truer friend, Miss Warrener,' said Shuttleworth, 'than you, perhaps, fully realise yet.' Then he added, with a sudden change in his tone: 'Is the man from Cairo here? I have been given to understand that some one with a letter to Mr Grinold was asking for me.'

'Yes; a gentleman named Ringham. He's to be found at the "Two Swans." I'll send over at once,' said Helen, 'and let him know;' and she moved towards the bell.

'Stay!' said Shuttleworth, arresting her hand. 'I'll step across to the inn myself presently. Mr Ringham is in no particular hurry, I suppose? Pray sit down;' and he placed a chair for her near the table. 'There's a little business I should like to mention— Ah!' he broke off as Helen's father came in, 'will you sit here, Mr Warrener? It's a matter that concerns you both.'

He took a chair at the head of the table, and glanced from one to the other, seated on either side of him. He treated them as he would have treated a couple of clients in his own private office in Finsbury Circus hard by. He had of a sudden become every inch the lawyer.

'We have been appointed executors—you and I—and he glanced at Warrener—'under Mr Grinold's will. We'll go into details when letters of administration have been taken out. Meantime it will gratify you to learn, sir, that you have not been overlooked. Mr Grinold has bequeathed to you the sum of two hundred pounds.'

'I'm glad to hear it;' and he nodded at the lawyer. 'It will help me to pay my debts.'

Shuttleworth waved the sentiment aside. 'There is a will among Mr Grinold's deeds,' he resumed, referring to a note-book in his hand, 'leaving all his property to a relation in New Zealand. But a subsequent will, drafted about the time Mr Grinold became acquainted with your daughter, has made the former legacy null and void.'

Helen's eyes, as well as her father's, were fixed intently upon the lawyer's face.

'In a word,' Shuttleworth concluded, 'by the last will and testament of the late Anthony Grinold, your daughter, Helen Warrener, has been appointed sole residuary legatee. May I be the first to congratulate her?'

'My daughter? What does it all mean?'

'It means,' said Shuttleworth, 'that Miss Warrener has come into a handsome fortune, invested in foreign bonds.'

'A handsome fortune?' said Warrener, with a dazed, inquiring look.

'Thirty thousand pounds,' was Shuttleworth's reply.

At this moment they both turned their eyes curiously towards Helen. She stood at the window, holding back the curtain with an eager hand, and peered out into the fog.

THE UNIVERSITY EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

WE are quite accustomed at the present day to see our young ladies on their way to college; we hear of Girtton and Newnham, and of many other institutions for the university education of the gentler sex, and we have women entering many of our learned professions which until recently were dominated by man alone. It would be an interesting study, as well as a readable bit of modern history were it fully written, to trace the rise and progress of the movement which has led to all this. For even a passing inquiry into facts shows that the cause of higher education for women has passed through many struggles, has overthrown many prejudices, and has finally triumphed—if not as yet completely, at least gloriously.

We may now look upon women as on the same footing with men in regard to educational advantages. True, Cambridge and Oxford do not grant their degrees to women, but the examinations are open to them, and so the real educative end is served. But time was when it was popularly believed that to educate woman was to destroy her charm and peculiar adaptability to domesticity. Much of the dislike to her higher education arose from the old notion, inherited from a semi-barbarous past, that her chief function was to minister to the comforts of the male sex more than to its refinement and culture. The education she received was scarcely worth the name. Even when it did approach more reasonable limits, it was very unsystematic and indefinite. At school she got a smattering in everything and a finishing in nothing. 'It was not for her to inquire into the questions which men investigate,' and so her education was merely a fair elementary grounding varnished over with a bright and showy list of 'accomplishments'—so called.

It may seem somewhat superfluous nowadays to unfold and answer any objections which have been offered to the movement. Yet even now we find alive the idea that education leads woman to step out of her own proper sphere, and unfits her for the discharge of those duties which are peculiarly her own. Some even claim that the education of girls will injure the health of the coming race, and make the women of the future less attractive and less womanly. On the other hand, it is agreed that education makes woman more womanly in the truest sense, for it tends to develop what is best in her. The best wives and mothers are those who are the most cultivated. In short, education does not change the fundamental nature; it merely refines and ennoble it. Doubtless a comparatively uneducated woman may be exceedingly pleasant and sociably important if she has force of character and charm of natural manner, while an educated one may be socially a failure. But these are the exceptions.

We must also consider that the elementary education given to girls thirty years ago was a

quite insufficient groundwork on which to build a more substantial structure. It lacked system and thoroughness; if a girl pursued higher education she had simply to go over the rudiments and foundation work again. The great advancement made in the administration of our elementary education has, however, changed all this. Our primary schools have improved by leaps and bounds, and high schools for girls—which we may regard as preparatory institutions for a university education—have sprung up everywhere, and are conducted on sound and systematic principles. The recognition of secondary education by the Education Department has indeed done much.

When the necessity for the better education of women was in great part conceded a new question was raised, and is still keenly disputed by many. 'Should boys and girls be taught conjointly or separately?' we often hear asked. Some object to mixed classes; others claim that they are the most economical and the most efficient. The stimulus given by equal competition between the sexes, and the refining influence of the gentler over the sterner, are no doubt highly beneficial. The experiment of mixed classes, so far as it has been tried in this country, on the Continent, and in America, has been a most complete success. It seems to be pretty generally agreed that the education may be most advantageously carried on in mixed classes until a certain stage is reached. Then each sex may branch into that special line which is most to its advantage. Boys are intended to go into various professions into which it is undesirable that girls should enter, and there are also professions in which ladies are acknowledged to accomplish better work than men.

In 1864 a Royal Commission was appointed to inquire into the cause of secondary education. Their report led to the adoption of the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, but the work of the Commission was also specially interesting on account of the evidence taken regarding the secondary education of girls. Their report was published in 1868, and was followed by the formation of 'The National Union for Improving the Education of Women,' under the presidency of the Princess Louise. In 1872 this union founded the Girls' Public Day School Company, which soon raised the standard of girls' education throughout the land, and prepared the way for university and college training. This company, together with the Church Day Schools Company, has now sixty-four schools and over ten thousand pupils. All the teachers are women, many of them with a college education. Twenty years ago the National Union founded the Teachers' Training and Registration Society. Directly from this society sprang the Maria Grey Training College, Brondesbury, and indirectly the Cambridge Training College for Women and the St George's Training College, Edinburgh. As far back as 1868 we find in Edinburgh an Association for the University Education of Women; Girton College was founded at Hitchin in 1870, and removed to Cambridge three years later; Newnham College was opened in 1875. In 1877 Glasgow University made considerable efforts to forward the movement, and six years later the Queen Margaret College for Women was the result. In 1877, also, St Andrews University started its L.L.A. degree

scheme; and a year later London University, after trying the experiment of having special examinations for women, threw its degrees open to them. Somerville College and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, were both opened in 1879. Such, in brief, were the advances made during the first ten years following directly upon the report of the Royal Commission of 1864. The past twenty years have been of marked progress and improvement.

At Cambridge the tripos, or honours examinations for the B.A. degree—in mathematics, classics, natural science, moral science, mediæval and modern languages, Semitic languages, Indian languages, history, and theology—have been open to women since 1881. Certificates are granted by the university to all who obtain a first, second, or third class. Candidates must have been in residence at either Girton or Newnham for a specified period, or within the precincts of the university under the regulations of one or other of the colleges, and must have obtained a pass in the Previous Examination ('Little Go') or must possess its equivalent.

Girton College has about one hundred and fifteen students, with seven resident women lecturers; but students can, if they wish, attend the university lectures in Cambridge in addition to those provided by their college. The fees amount to £105 per annum, and this includes both university and college charges. Entrance and scholarship examinations are held in London in the months of March and June. At Newnham College there are one hundred and fifty-eight students and twelve resident lecturers. An entrance examination is held annually in March at Cambridge, the subjects being mathematics and languages, while many scholarships and exhibitions are awarded every year on the results of the tripos examinations. Fees, inclusive of board, lodging, and teaching, range from £25 to £32 per term, and no student is allowed, without special permission, to be in residence more than two years unless she has a reasonable prospect of success. Out-students—a most important feature—are admitted by the Council if they reside with their parents or guardians in Cambridge, or if they are over thirty years of age and unable to afford the cost of residence at one of the Halls. Fees for out-students are £9 per term.

At Oxford the principal final honours examinations—in classics, natural science, mathematics, theology, jurisprudence, Oriental languages, for the degree of B.C.L. and for the music degrees—are open to women. Somerville College has about seventy students and four resident tutors. There is no entrance examination, but students are expected to pass Responsions or its equivalent before commencing study. Fees for board, lodging, and teaching vary from £86 to £92 per annum, according to rooms selected. Lady Margaret Hall is conducted on the principles of the Church of England, but special provision is made for the liberty of members of other religious bodies. It has accommodation for about sixty students. Candidates for entrance, if they have not passed Responsions, are required to undergo a test in two foreign languages and in elementary mathematics. The charges may be taken as similar to those made at Somerville College. St Hugh's Hall was founded in 1886,

and intended for students unable to bear the expense of residence at Lady Margaret's Hall. It has about twenty-five students, and the inclusive fees run from £45 to £65 a year. Oxford goes even further, however, for there is a hall of residence, St Hilda's, for those who desire a final year or more of study before entering upon any professional career. All such students must be hard workers, but they are not required to go up to any examinations unless they wish to do so.

We may now turn to London, which has many colleges although it possesses no teaching university. The Royal Holloway College, Egham, was opened in 1887, and provides the instruction necessary for the London degrees in arts and science, for the preliminary M.B., for the examinations of Oxford, and for the Royal University of Ireland, the degrees of which are open to women. An entrance examination is held in September, and a scholarship competition takes place annually in July. All scholars—of whom there are nearly one hundred—must study for honours. The inclusive fees amount to £90 per annum. Eight resident women lecturers and ten non-resident professors and teachers make up the teaching staff. The fees for board and residence at Bedford College are £58 to £68 per annum, while tuition fees for the London examinations are £27 to £44 per session. This institution offers scholarships to both resident and non-resident students, and prepares them for the arts and science degrees, and has special classes in chemistry for the first M.B. examination. An art school is attached to the college, as well as a Teachers' Training Department, and in session 1895-96 a complete and scientific course of instruction in Hygiene was instituted to enable women to qualify for the various professional posts in Hygiene now open to them. Westfield College, Hampstead, was founded in 1882, and receives about forty students in preparation for London degrees. Students are not compelled to take the entire course, nor to enter any of the university examinations, although they are required to pass an entrance test in Scripture, English, arithmetic, geography, and two extra subjects. The fees here amount to £105 per annum. Both King's College and Queen's College possess special departments for ladies, and residence, under collegiate rules, is provided at College Hall, Byng Place, Golden Square.

Victoria University follows the example of London in the conferring of its degrees. Houses of residence for lady students in Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool are recommended by the authorities in connection with the men's colleges. The provincial colleges at Birmingham, Bristol, and Nottingham also provide instruction for women; while Durham University, by a supplemental charter in 1895, was enabled to throw open to them all its degrees except only in Divinity. Thus ladies may enter the Durham College of Science at Newcastle-on-Tyne for instruction in science, medicine, or engineering. Convenient residence, with board, is provided at a cost of from £30 to £40 per session at Eslington Tower. The same cost applies to residence at Aberdare Hall, Cardiff, which was incorporated in 1893. Students here attend lectures in arts, science, or medicine at University College. The University College, Bangor, prepares women for

the London and Welsh degrees, and for the medical preliminary of Edinburgh and Glasgow. In connection with the college is a hall of residence, and a new hostel is being built to accommodate fifty students. At University College, Aberystwith, accommodation is provided for one hundred and forty students, and a very considerable addition is in contemplation.

By the Universities (Scotland) Act, 1889, it was ordained that it was 'in the power of the University Court of each university to admit women to graduation in such faculty or faculties as the said Court may think fit,' and that 'it shall be competent to the University Court to make provision within the university for the instruction of women . . . either by admitting them to the ordinary classes or by instituting separate classes for their instruction.' The result of this is that the classes and degrees in arts, science, and medicine in all our Scottish universities are open to women; Edinburgh alone has a faculty of music, and grants degrees in that science. At Edinburgh the Crutellius University Hall provides accommodation for women students at the university; doubtless it is the first step towards a university hall of residence. Queen Margaret College, Glasgow, was, soon after the passing of the act above mentioned, incorporated with the university, and so may be now regarded as part of the university buildings. The Queen Margaret Hall provides residence for such students as desire it; the fees for board and lodging run from £32 to £40 per annum. This college has £23,395 of endowment funds, so that it is amply provided with bursaries; while a gift of £5000 recently enabled the university authorities to erect a large new building for the anatomical department. Clinical work for medical students is done at the Royal Infirmary and other local hospitals. St Andrews University opened in 1896 a hall of residence for its women students. It has accommodation for twenty students, the fees for board and residence ranging from £35 to £50. This university has always had the advancement of the higher education of women at heart, and more than nine hundred students present themselves annually for examination in one or more subjects of the LL.B., while more than sixteen hundred ladies have obtained the degree since 1877, the yearly number of graduations being now over one hundred. The bursaries at St Andrews given to women exclusively are both numerous and valuable. Aberdeen is at present content with opening its bursaries, classes, and degrees to both sexes alike, and girls, in large and increasing numbers, are taking advantage of the privilege thus accorded them.

In conclusion, it may be useful to state that, for the special study of medicine, women are eligible for the medical degrees of London University; the Royal University of Ireland; the conjoint examination of the Royal College of Physicians and the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland; the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh; the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow; the University of Durham; the Society of Apothecaries, London; and the Welsh Colleges at Cardiff and Aberystwith. In all cases ample provision is made for the necessary hospital work. It must be noted that, by the regulations of the General Medical Council of the United

Kingdom, a body altogether distinct from any college or university, the name of every medical student must, within fifteen days from the date of commencing medical study, be entered on the 'Official Register of Medical Students' kept by the Council. Before such registration can take place the student is required to pass an examination in general knowledge. The subjects embraced are English, Latin, mathematics (arithmetic, algebra to simple equations and Euclid to book iii.), and Greek, or a modern language, or Logic. The Council holds no examination of its own, but accepts the ordinary preliminaries of the universities. By the new regulations a student must be registered as such for five years before being 'admitted' by the Council. Without this admission the practice of medicine or surgery is punishable by law, this precaution being necessary to keep unqualified persons out of the field.

THE DOOM OF THE AIR-GOD.

My acquaintance with Doxley Seymour—a casual acquaintance, cultivated during a month's idle tossing on the broad waters of the Atlantic in the staunch brig *Pocahontas*—bade fair, I would fain believe, to ripen into a lifelong friendship. Gazing back through the long shadowy avenue of life's wanderings, I cannot decry any face that greets me so kindly, any face at once so honest and cheery and heartily friendly, as that of this young Englishman of twenty-seven, ten years my junior, who grasped my hand for the first time when I boarded the *Pocahontas* in Kingston harbour in the fair island of Jamaica. There were many points of sympathy between us; many tastes and habits we shared together; many similarities of fortune in our comparative friendliness, in the long exile which had separated us both from home and family; many bonds of common interest and fellow-feeling, which each succeeding day's intercourse served to strengthen and make firmer. But it was my fellow-traveller's intrinsic character, his almost boyish frankness and enthusiasm, his constant good-humour and geniality, which seemed destined to warm a month's pleasant companionship into a lifelong regard. How that seeming destiny was interrupted, how that intimacy came to be a mere tender memory, this story shall tell.

Having embarked at Vera Cruz—at that time the only passenger by the trading-brig—Doxley Seymour had already made himself popular on board at the time when I joined the ship. He was gifted with a pleasing bass voice of good quality, as well as considerable skill in its use; and hardly an evening passed that did not find him seated astraddle of the after-hatch, trolling out some rollicking sea-song to an appreciative audience of the brig's hands. Nor was this, as I discovered later, by any means the chief among his accomplishments. Doxley Seymour was an artist of no mean order.

I made the discovery one sweltering midday, when we were some five days out of Jamaica on the homeward voyage. I was creeping along the deck, seeking some welcome patch of shade, when I came upon the tall form of Doxley Seymour seated in the shadow of the deck-house, with his long legs drawn up before him. A small-sized

canvas was supported against his knees, and he was busily occupied with his brushes. So busily occupied was he, indeed, that he did not appear to be conscious of my approach; and when he replied to my exclamation of surprise, it was with a startled air of interruption from intense abstraction. He muttered a few vague words of disparagement in answer to my praises, and then returned to his task—a portrait—with an evident desire to escape conversation.

Some days elapsed before the painting was completed to his satisfaction; and by this time my curiosity with regard to it had reached a very high pitch. It was not alone that the portrait in itself was strikingly remarkable; the unremitting persistence with which, it was evident, he sought to reproduce from memory the lineaments of some well-remembered face, his absorption in the task, and above all his obvious reticence and mystery about it, all served to arouse my interest in the matter.

In vain I rallied him, as the picture progressed, upon the subject of its mysterious original. Nothing was of avail to break down his impenetrable reserve.

'My dear fellow,' he would say very solemnly, fixing his great brown eyes pathetically upon my face, 'it's no use, really! It would be no end of a long story to tell you who this lady is, and where I met her, and how I parted from her; and when the story was told, you would never believe it. It is only a whim of mine, to commemorate a certain incident while it is still fresh in my memory; and I don't want to chatter about it to anybody.' An answer which threw me back with increased interest upon the consideration of the portrait itself.

I have it quite clearly before my eyes as I write. A woman's face, dusky and sad, but of a perfect outline, the features small and regular, the lips full and nobly curved, the hair black and glossy as a raven's wing, looped in fantastic folds about her ears—gazing intently, sorrowfully almost, out of a vague and shadowy background of sombre green; gazing—such was the painter's art—with all the changing light of life in the great deep-black eyes, with all the highly-wrought intensity of consciousness reflected in the broad forehead and the half-parted lips. It was indeed a remarkable portrait—remarkable in its execution; remarkable, magnetic almost, in the strange character of the face that it depicted.

But the interest, at least from my point of view, was not confined to the face alone. The ornaments with which the figure was decked—represented, as was evident, with no less minuteness and accuracy of remembrance than the likeness itself—were full of striking significance. The maiden was undoubtedly Indian, and the ornaments were of Indian workmanship; but my acquaintance with the aborigines of Mexico and Central America, fairly extensive as it was, had never revealed to me any native trinkets of such richness or such apparent fertility of symbolism as those which were here represented. Foremost among them to arrest the attention was the spirally-coiled serpent which formed the maiden's head-dress. With wide flat coils, between each of which her dusky skin was visible, it covered her forehead almost to the eyebrows and fitted upon the crown of her head like a cap,

its tail laid flat upon the summit of her hair, and its evil head, garnished with glittering eyes of emerald, hanging poised from the lowermost coil betwixt her eyes. With its shape, however, all likeness to a serpent ceased; for its coils were covered, not with scales, but with a close-set overlaying of feathers, fashioned alternately of silver and of gold, like a bird's wing. From the maiden's ears depended massive ear-drops of gold, wrought in the shape of flying birds; and a wide collar of mosaic-work, traced thickly round with many strange characters and symbols, completed her adornment.

Such was the portrait that aroused my curiosity, and for a long time defied all my efforts to fathom its mystery. But there came a day when the mystery was unfolded to me. I have already said that a very intimate friendship had arisen between Doxley Seymour and myself before the *Pocahontas* spread her white sails at length for the last run from the Foreland. We had had many conversations together upon the subject of our respective adventures and our discoveries, for we were both of us, in a way, travellers and students; and more than once, I believe, Seymour had been upon the point of introducing the subject of the mysterious portrait. But he had always refrained himself, as it were, at the last moment; and when the time came for us to take our last look at the familiar deck of the old brig as she lay at her berth in the docks, the explanation remained still unspoken.

At the docks we separated; for, while I was bound for the London home of an old chum, with whom I had promised to spend my first few days in England, Seymour had informed me of his intention to take up quarters in some quiet street near the river, where he would be ready, as soon as the roving instinct became strong in him once more, to take ship to any part of the globe with the least possible delay. Such was his condition of restlessness and uncertainty at that time; whether indeed natural to him, or whether induced by some foreboding of mischief, that warned him of the danger of inactivity, I cannot say. A few days later I received a note from him, dated from a certain Sumatra Terrace in Deptford, begging me, if I had an evening to spare, to find him out and smoke a pipe with him to the memory of the *Pocahontas*.

Sumatra Terrace was not an easy locality to find; but, with the aid of a local urchin—an amphibious creature, half street-boy, half mud-lark, wholly a riverside product—I found myself standing at last at the end of the dreary row of houses which was my goal. A pawshop flared flauntingly at one corner of the terrace; a marine store loomed desolate and neglected at the other. The terrace itself, a stunted growth of blighted houses, was cut short abruptly by the bare wall of a wharveside warehouse, beyond which a few bare masts and phantom funnels rose spectrewisely into the falling twilight. No. 5, the house of which I was in search, was the last house on one side of the terrace, gloomier and more stunted even than its neighbours, overshadowed and extinguished, as it were, by the high dock-wall. A flight of some half-dozen steps, guarded by a rusty hand-rail, led to the narrow front-door, where a mouldering old female, very hard of hearing and very sparing of

speech, was taking an evening airing. To my inquiry if Mr Seymour lodged there she mumbled an affirmative; and adding querulously, 'You'll find 'im upstairs, mister!' vanished abruptly into the darkness of the passage.

I groped my way up the staircase, and knocked at the door of the room which she had seemed to indicate. It was a somewhat barely-furnished sitting-room of the ordinary second-rate lodging-house pattern, engrafted, as it were, with a strong nautical strain in the subject-matter of the pictures and the frowsiness of the cabin-like smell. Doxley Seymour was seated reading before a comfortable fire, for the early autumn evenings were already chilly, and the warmth of the tropics was still dear to us; and hung over the centre of the mantelpiece, framed in a massive and handsome frame, was the mysterious portrait of the Indian maiden.

Seymour greeted me heartily, and laughed over the account of my encounter with his landlady; but he seemed—so I thought—rather nervous and ill at ease. Presently, after some minutes' conversation upon indifferent topics—the first impressions of our return to the old country, the changes that a few years had brought, and so on—he asked abruptly:

'You have never by any chance taken up the subject of Aztec picture-writing, I suppose?'

I replied in the negative, adding that I believed the opportunities for its study were scarce and difficult of access; and after a minute's thoughtful deliberation he went on:

'I have a scroll here that I am very anxious to decipher, if only I could come across the fellow who could help me with it, or put me on the right track. I am abnormally inquisitive about it. It conveys nothing to you, eh?'

He raised his arm to the mantelpiece and drew forth something which he placed in my hands. It was a small oblong scrap of some substance like parchment, very glossy, and of a yellowish-brown colour. Two thongs of twisted grass or bark, each about a foot in length, were attached to the ends of the strip of parchment, which measured perhaps some four inches by two. The parchment itself was covered thickly upon one side with minute characters, each of them distinct and delicately tinted in various colours. I examined it closely, holding it in the firelight; and gradually I made out the figures of many animals, drawn with some correctness; human faces, too, and serpents, and a number of strange designs whose significance I was unable even to guess at—all jumbled together, apparently, in the most incomprehensible confusion on the narrow scroll. The object was no doubt of considerable interest as a curiosity, and I pored over it for some time before returning it to Doxley Seymour.

'I am afraid I can't make much out of it, Seymour, old man,' I said, with a laugh. 'Have you any sort of notion what it is all about?'

He appeared to meditate for some moments before answering me.

'I don't know why I shouldn't tell you,' he laughed at length. 'No doubt it will appear incredible to you, and you will only have my word for its truth; but you shall hear for yourself. You were very curious, I remember, about the identity of that portrait there, nodding his head towards the mantelpiece. 'Well, that por-

trait and this Aztec scroll are very closely connected; so closely, indeed, that the same tale will tell you all I know about each of them. Fill up your glass, old fellow!

He placed a bottle and some glasses on the table at my elbow, lit the gas, and went back to his place by the fireside. Then, after a minute's deliberation, he spoke again, fixing his eyes on the changing flames as they danced and flickered in the grate.

'You already know,' he began, 'the life that I have been leading ever since I left college. It has exercised a fascination over me which will never, I believe, suffer me to settle down to any career of permanence or respectability; but that is by the way. For six years now I have been a sojourner in every quarter of the globe, and I have met with my fair share of adventures in one way and another, but never with an adventure so marvellous or so grave as the one I encountered just six months ago. Previous to that I had been spending some time in Mexico, studying the Toltec and Aztec remains, with a view to their comparison with the antiquities of Egypt—a work which I may yet, I hope, bring to a conclusion; and while in the interior, not far from Puebla, I got wind of the remains of an ancient temple, reported to be in a remarkable state of preservation, some thirty miles distant. It was not one of the well-known antiquities; but the reports which I received were so encouraging that I determined to pay it a visit. Unfortunately I went alone. The ruin proved to be one of the ordinary pyramidal *teocallis*, of small size, but (as I had been told) in rare condition, and remarkably free from vegetation or overgrowth. Indeed, I remember it struck me at the time, considering the denseness of the growth which surrounded it on all sides, that the slopes of the *teocalli* must have been kept clear by the hand of man. The steps at one of its angles were still, too, in fairly good order; and I was able to ascend to the summit without much trouble. I spent some time in examining the ruins; and then, as the sun was almost at its noonday strength and my ride back to the nearest village (where I had left my traps) was but a short one, I crept into one of the crumbling turrets which were still standing on the summit of the pile, and determined to get a couple of hours' sleep.'

Doxley Seymour stirred the fire vigorously. 'This is where the strange part of it begins,' he said nervously, glancing at me for the first time. 'I must have slept longer than I intended, for when I came to myself the sun had gone round behind the turret, and the interior was almost dark. I tried to get up from the ground, and found that my feet were bound together at the ankles. A band of twisted fibre was passed also round my body, pinning my arms; so that, literally speaking, I could not move hand or foot. I had evidently been caught in a trap. In a moment or two, as my senses began to come back to me, I saw an old Indian squatting in the corner of the turret watching me. I speak advisedly when I say that he was the most villainous-looking object that my eyes have ever rested on; and yet there was a certain air of authority, of exalted triumph, about him, which made me feel that I had not fallen into the hands of any ordinary native cut-throat. Of course I started upon him at once,

demanding my instant release, and threatening him with all manner of penalties for detaining me; but his only recognition of my speech was to shuffle to the entrance of the turret and call some name shrilly two or three times in succession.

'And that brings me to the portrait.

'In answer to his cries a girl appeared—that girl whom I have tried to paint from memory. I don't say, mind, that the portrait is a fair one; far from it. It can give you no notion of her grace, her carriage, her softness of voice; my poor skill is useless to express her play of feature, the charm— Excuse me, my dear fellow,' Seymour broke off, with a short, unsteady laugh; 'you can't be expected to enter into all that, of course; but you can see how the land lies. I tell you frankly—I confess it without shame—I was in love with that girl, and I would have made her my wife.'

He threw out the words defiantly, as a sort of challenge, but I did not respond to it. Ridiculous, repugnant, in a manner, as was the idea of a cultivated Englishman talking gravely of having conceived an attachment to an unknown native woman—especially under such circumstances of suspicion as Seymour's narrative seemed to hint at—yet the portrait did undoubtedly offer some explanation, even some palliation, of the absurdity. It was a portrait, in the first place, of a woman of undeniably great beauty, and possibly great attractiveness; moreover, the countenance bore traces of a much higher degree of intellect and mental refinement than was usual among the Indians; and there was a subtle air of power, a sort of spiritual fascination, in the whole presentment, as it appeared on the canvas, which was most striking. Therefore I held my peace, merely nodding affirmatively; and Doxley Seymour proceeded somewhat more temperately:

'Of course, in saying that I am anticipating matters considerably. At the time when I first saw Cioacalco—that was her name—I was conscious only of a sensation of wonder and, perhaps, of admiration, which almost prevailed over my natural resentment. She was wearing the ornaments which you see depicted there—and which so aroused your curiosity, by-the-bye, my friend—and was dressed, as you see her, in a long white robe, beautifully embroidered. It was the costume of her order—so I learnt afterwards—and of great antiquity; but that is by the way. When she appeared within the turret she stood apart at first for some minutes in conversation with the old Indian, and then she approached me, speaking in very fair Spanish. And what think you, with the utmost simplicity and unconcern, she told me? That at this remote and solitary *teocalli* the heathen worship of her fathers, the Aztecs, was still, in closest secrecy, carried on; that she and the old Indian, her father, were the appointed priests of its sacred rites; and that I, a wayfarer whom the gods themselves had surely designated, was destined to be reserved till the next annual festival as a victim to one of their infernal deities!

'It was a cheerful prospect, wasn't it? And I lay under it for several weeks. During the whole of that time I was confined in the turret, without chance of escape; not, indeed, bound hand and foot, as I had been at first, but attached by the twisted thong around my body to a solid ring

embedded in the stonework of the floor. At first I had hopes of a speedy rescue; but as the days wore on and no help came, it dawned upon me that my absence must have passed unnoticed, or that the search for me, if any had been made, must have been abandoned as fruitless. But a gleam of light and hope was still left to me. I was regularly supplied with food—good enough of its kind—and always by the Indian maid Cioacalco. Her father I saw little of; though he came for a short time each day to gloat over my condition. But with Cioacalco it was different. Our conversations—for which the recurrence of every meal gave opportunity—became daily more prolonged and more intimate. Almost from the beginning, I believe, she felt pity for me. She did, indeed, at first—sublime enthusiast as she was—attempt to impress upon me that no fate could be more blessed than mine, or attended with more pleasant prospects in the after-world. But presently—don't think I want to boast; I say it with no vanity, God knows—another feeling came to take the place of sympathy; and then her convictions wavered. How hard a fight it was for the poor girl no one can ever know, for the superstitions of her creed were bound fast around her very nature like iron bands, clamped and shrunken upon her by ignorance and fear. But nature got the better of superstition for a time at any rate. I don't want to dwell upon that part of my story. It is enough to tell you that there came a night at last when Cioacalco cut through my bonds with her own hands, and I was free.

He was silent for some moments, apparently buried in thought, and then with an effort he proceeded:

'Our plans were formed. Cioacalco was to accompany me, to be baptised, to become my wife as soon as opportunity offered. Everything was arranged for—save Fate. It was a brilliantly-moonlit night; so much the better for our flight through the forest. In death-like silence we crept out of the turret and across the flat summit of the *teocalli*. Seventy feet below us the forest slept. The *teocalli* was built in three stages, connected with each other by broken flights of steps, steep and irregular. We had already made our way down the two first flights, and were crossing the platform of the lowest stage towards the head of the last flight of steps, when a slight noise above us made us turn our heads. There, on the top-most verge of the ruin, black and sharp against the moon's disc as it peeped over the crumbling edge, stood the figure of the old Indian, black-robed and threatening. His gaunt arms were flung above his head; his long, wild hair fluttered in the wind; and, in a tongue unknown to me, he uttered some words that rang shrilly through the night air. In that instant I felt a shiver pass through Cioacalco's arm; she shrank away from my side; a dull, dazed look took the place of the momentary terror that had leapt into her eyes. A second later the dazed look passed away; she pushed out her arms as if to keep me from her; and then, with a shuddering cry, she turned and sped back up the crumbling steps of the *teocalli*.

'What I did then I will not attempt to reconcile either with good sense or, perhaps, with honour. I simply ran away. I dared not face again the horrors of the *teocalli*; the girl's sudden

revulsion, her recoil, her freezing look of mingled terror and remorse and abhorrence—inspired I knew not by what means—had unnerved me. I did not pause to think or reason until I had reached the village from which I had set out three weeks before; and then, indeed, I bitterly repented of my cowardice. Early on the following morning I departed once more for the *teocalli*, this time accompanied by a Spanish señor whom I could trust. The *teocalli* was abandoned!—empty! Our footsteps rang hollow on the stone flooring of the deserted turrets; the ring was there to which my bonds had been attached, but no sign of any recent occupation. I searched the forest round about; I caused inquiries to be made of the natives in the neighbourhood; but all of no avail.'

'And you never traced your captors?' I queried as Seymour glanced inquiringly into my face.

'Never. The natives may have been really ignorant, or they may have been in league with the practices that went on; it comes to the same thing. I have never seen the face of either of them to this day.'

Doxley Seymour remained sunk in thought, his hands deep in his pockets, his eyes bent upon the ground.

'But the Aztec scroll that you showed me?' I suggested presently. 'Where does that come in?'

'Ah yes! the Aztec scroll,' he rejoined absently. 'I forgot that. On first awaking in the turret I found that scroll (as I discovered it to be afterwards) bound round my forehead by the thongs at either end. It remained there upon my brow until the day of my flight; and it was not until I was deep in the recesses of the forest that night that I tore it off and thrust it into my pocket. When I examined it I found it to be what you have seen; but I have never yet come across the man who could interpret it to me. I have an idea, a fancy only, that it is a sort of dedication to the gods—an appropriation of me, the victim, to the peculiar deity to whom I was destined to be sacrificed! That is only my conjecture; but, sooner or later, if ingenuity can effect it, I mean to decipher the legend for myself. When that time comes I will let you know; till then, if you can't help me, let us drop the subject.'

And so the conversation turned to other topics—our home-voyage, our memories of the *Pocahontas*, our plans for the future; and a pleasant evening passed away without further reference to Doxley Seymour's strange adventure in the uplands of Mexico.

Several weeks went by before I heard from him again. I had been staying in the country, revisiting the scenes which memory still endowed with interest, renewing the friendships which absence had dulled, revigorating the love of my native land, which many years' domicile in other climes, perhaps, had impaired. On the second day after my return to London a short note was delivered at my lodgings, bearing the signature of Doxley Seymour.

'Dear friend,' it ran, 'I have solved the Aztec riddle—unaided, by perseverance alone. When you have no engagement more enticing, find your way to Sumatra Terrace, and I will expound the enigma. My conjecture was right; it was my death-warrant.'

It needed no greater inducement to determine me upon prompt acceptance. That very evening I started forth as the gas-lamps in the streets began to wink and glimmer in the wintry twilight, and accomplished the journey to my destination without assistance. Darkness had settled down upon the jostling rows of streets as I turned the corner of Sumatra Terrace and strode down its deserted pavement. The refuse-yard of the marine store, burial-place of many a good ship's carcass, lay black and neglected on the other side of the way; the black row of stunted houses, pierced at intervals by the glimmer of a dim-lit window, seemed blacker than ever by contrast with the brightness of the streets which I had left; one gas-bracket only, fixed in the black dock-wall at the farther end of the terrace, peered blinkingly out of the blackness of the night.

As I reached the pavement in front of No. 5, the house in which Doxley Seymour lodged, the street-door opened. A beam of light shone for an instant down the outside steps, a dark figure emerged, and the street-door was pulled together as noiselessly as it had opened.

The dark figure—the figure of a thickly-cloaked woman—tripped down the steps and brushed by me as I stood at the bottom with one hand upon the rusty iron rail. As our shoulders touched she started violently and turned half-way round towards me, for she had not, I believe, perceived me standing there; and as she did so the light from the gas-bracket close at hand in the dock-wall struck upon her face. It was the face of Doxley Seymour's picture!

I was sure of it. There could be no mistake about that face—the dusky hue, the perfect outlines, above all the strange, intent expression of the eyes—although its setting, some sort of hooded cloak, was now so different. What could she, the Indian maid of Seymour's story, be doing here? I strained my eyes to pierce the darkness of the street; but the cloaked figure, gliding forward with the swift, lithe movement of some forest animal, was already almost indiscernible. A moment later it had melted into the night; and I turned to ascend the steps.

The same moulderling old person whom I had encountered on my former visit opened the door to my knock, and defiantly informed me, with much shortness of breath, that there was a lady upstairs along with Mr Seymour, so I couldn't go up on no account, but would I leave a message?

'But the lady, I think, has just left him,' I ventured, wondering what turn things were taking. 'I met a lady going out as I got here.'

The old person grunted with a somewhat modified aggressiveness, and held open the door an inch or two wider.

'Oh! very well,' she grumbled. 'I didn't hear no one go; but I'm none so sharp of hearing as I was. She ain't been with him long, then; but it's no concern of mine. You'd better walk upstairs, mister.'

I cannot be sure whether I recollect aright in thinking that it was with some unusual foreboding of mischief, with some undefined sense of calamity and danger, that I set my foot upon the stairs as the old woman shuffled back to her quarters below. Is my impression only the product of after-events, or did some dawning light

of foreknowledge really break in upon my mind? I cannot decide now. I only know that I ran upstairs sharply, anxious to get to Seymour's room and satisfy myself—of what?

The gas was burning brightly in the room when I entered it. Seymour was seated at the table with his back towards me; leaning sideways in his chair, his arm thrown loosely over the back of it, writing materials spread out on the table before him. He did not turn to greet me when I entered the room; he made no sign of consciousness when I spoke; and then indeed a panic fear, which admitted of no denial, came surging into my breast. I ran across the room towards him and touched his dangling hand; and I knew the worst. His face, though deathly pale, bore the impress of a smile, a smile of welcome; the haft of a broad-bladed dagger—a curiously-wrought haft, I noticed even in that moment, fashioned in the likeness of an eagle's head—protruded from his coat above the heart; and round his brow, like a placard, was bound the Aztec scroll.

And on the sheet of paper before him, traced in Doxley Seymour's own bold handwriting, fraught with a hideous mocking significance, were written these words—the unfinished translation, I doubt not, of the scroll that was around his brow, the translation that he had been engaged upon at the moment of his death:

'This is the Doom of Quetzalcoatl, mighty God of the air, moon-faced Father of men, whose honour is our Law inviolable'—

CURIOSITIES OF LAND TENURE.

In these utilitarian days when hard cash, or, to use the American equivalent, the almighty dollar, is the dominant factor in life, we do not expect to find landlords parting with their lands for the merely nominal return which satisfied some of their ancestors in feudal times. Land has become too valuable a commodity for such generosity. Occasionally, indeed, we find in a modern building lease a stipulation for 'a peppercorn rent;' but on continuing a perusal of the document it will be found that the 'peppercorn,' as might be inferred, is a merely temporary expedient to last only for such a length of time as will enable the jerry-builder to erect his buildings and reap some return from them before he is called upon to pay the rent ultimately exigible. In 'the good old days' when feudalism was in the ascendant—times which, notwithstanding their violence, were not altogether destitute of redeeming features—we find the close personal relationship which subsisted between lord and man sometimes curiously reflected in the services rendered by the vassal in respect of his land. Students of the law of real property are familiar with the salient features of the old tenures, of knight-service, grand and petit serjeanty, and free and common socage; but through these domains there stretch little bypaths which the generality of law students, eager to know only so much historical matter as will explain the present-day condition of the land laws, may easily overlook; these

sidepaths, nevertheless, will amply reward the literary wayfarer who seeks to explore them.

Although instances of quaint tenure-services can be found in almost every English county, Kent seems to have enjoyed a singular pre-eminence in this respect. Here are a few examples. The owner of the manor of West Peckham was bound, in return for the grant of the manor, to find a man to carry the king's goshawks beyond sea; in the case of the manor of Seaton, the lord had either to go himself or provide a man to go as *vautrarius*—that is, leader of the king's greyhounds—whenever the monarch went to Gascony, and the time to be so given was thus curiously fixed, 'until he (the *vautrarius*) had worn out a pair of shoes worth fourpence, bought at the king's cost.' But the most ludicrous instance of all was in the case of Archer's Court, an estate in the parish of River, a few miles from Dover; the tenure was in grand serjeanty, the service being that the owner should accompany the king on his various journeys between Dover and Wissant on the French coast, and hold the royal head should there be occasion for it. While kings can

Make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,

and confer gifts of land, they can grant no immunity from the dreaded *mal de mer*, and what could the poor tenant do if he too, like his liege lord, suffered its pangs? Would it not even show disloyalty for the vassal to feel 'all right' while the august monarch was prostrated? But neither upon this point nor upon the other equally interesting one, namely, whether, in the peculiar circumstances, failure to perform the required services would work an escheat—the vassal might perhaps plead '*vis major*,' or 'acts of the king's enemy'—have we any information; but we are told that the right to perform the duty was claimed towards the end of the sixteenth century. Another estate in the same county was held by a much more agreeable tenure—namely, the liability to carry the last dish of the second course to the king's table, and present the sovereign with three maple cups. Presenting gilt spurs, providing a ship or a certain quota of men, or breeding and rearing a falcon or hound were extremely common forms for the services to take. Leaving Kent, we find that Bury House, in the New Forest, was—perhaps still is—held under the obligation of presenting the sovereign, whenever he or she enters the Forest, with a brace of milk-white greyhounds, a breed being preserved in readiness. George III., in 1789, was the recipient of the complimentary leash, the incident of the ceremony being considered sufficiently interesting to form the subject of a canvas by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

For many centuries the city of Norwich, in respect of the manor of Carleton, was liable to provide annually twenty-four herring pies for the royal kitchen. Blomefield, in his *History of Norfolk*, referring to this quaint service, prints a letter from the household officers of Charles I., making 'divers just exceptions' to the quality of the pies which had been forwarded by the city sheriffs. The whole letter will bear transcription; it ran as follows:—

'To Alexander Anguish, Mayor; John Thacker and William Gostlin, Sheriffs.

'After our hearty commendations we have thought fit to let you understand, that upon the delivery here at court of the *herring pyes*, which we lately received from you, we find divers just exceptions to be taken against the goodness of them, which we must require you to answer, and take such order that the same may be amended for the future tyme, as you would avoid further trouble; the exceptions we take are these, viz.:

'First, you do not send them according to your tenure of the first new herrings that are taken.

'Secondly, you do not cause them to be well baked in good and strong pastye, as they ought to be, that they may endure the carriage the better.

'Thirdly, whereas you should by your tenure, bake in these pastyes *six-score* herrings at the least, being the great hundredth, which doth require *five* to be put into every *pye* at the least, we find but *fewer* herrings to be in divers of them.

'Fourthly, the number of *pyes* which you sent at this tyme we find to be fewer than have been sent heretofore, and divers of them much broken.

'And lastly, we understand the bringer of them was constrained to make *three* several journeys to you before he could have them, whereas it seemeth he is bound to come but once.

'To every of which our exceptions, we must pray your particular answer for our better satisfaction, that we may have no cause to question it further, and so we bid you heartily farewell.

'Your loving friends,

PEMBROKE.

JOHN SAVILE.

RICH. MANLEY.

'HAMPTON COURT, the
iii. j. of Oct. 1629.'

Greater care, we are told, was promised by the sheriffs for the future. The rent, it appears, originated in the early days when Norwich stood at the head of a wide estuary, when as yet its entrance was not blocked up by the sandbank on which Yarmouth now stands. Mention is made of the service so late as 1835 in the report on municipal corporations in England.

The city of London has also its curious services to render annually. Each year on the morrow of St Michael, or between that day and the morrow of St Martin, the City Solicitor attends before the Queen's Remembrancer, to account for the services due by the city in respect of a piece of waste ground in the county of Salop, called 'The Moors,' and for a tenement, called 'The Forge,' in the parish of St Clement Danes, Strand. After the reading of certain documents this time-honoured proclamation is made: 'Oyez, oyez, tenants and occupiers of a piece of waste ground, called "The Moors," in the county of Salop, come forth and do your service.' Two small bundles of peeled twigs, each tied at the ends with red tape, are then produced, one of which the solicitor cuts in two with a billhook, and the other he treats in a similar fashion, with this difference, that a hatchet is substituted for the billhook. This archaic ceremony symbolises the right of the Crown, as lord, to receive, and the obligation on the city, as vassal, to

furnish fuel as one of the incidents of the tenure. A second proclamation is then made: 'Tenants and occupiers of a certain tenement, called "The Forge," in the parish of St Clement Danes, in the county of Middlesex, come forth and do your service.' In response to this summons, the City Solicitor, with all solemnity, counts out six horse-shoes and sixty-one hobnails, a service acknowledged by the Queen's Remembrancer saying, 'Good number.' This quaint function dates from a very remote period. With regard to 'The Moors,' that piece of ground, as appears from the Exchequer Rolls, was granted to one Nicholas de Mora, in the reign of Henry III., with this condition as to rental: 'Reddit ad saccarium 2 cultellos, unum bonum et alterum pessimum,' wherewith to divide the fagots; but how the good and very bad knives became metamorphosed into a billhook and hatchet no man knoweth. As to 'The Forge,' it represents a piece of ground which was granted, also in the reign of Henry III., to one Walter le Brun, farrier, for the purpose of erecting thereon a forge, which was to be held under the service of rendering yearly the six horse-shoes and sixty-one hobnails. A forge was in fact built, but was demolished during the peasants' revolt, and never re-erected. The ground on which it stood, sometimes known as Fickett's Field, sometimes as the Templar's Field, was for long used by the lawyers of the Temple as a tilting ground; but so many riots seem to have been originated by this employment of the ground that the city ultimately acquired it, and ousted the Templars. 'The Moors' also at an early date fell into the hands of the corporation, the obligation of rendering the stated services, of course, passing with the property.

Although not particularly curious, the services rendered by the Dukes of Marlborough and Wellington for the estates of Woodstock and Strathfieldsaye respectively are of sufficient historic interest to warrant their inclusion here. By the statute 3 and 4 Anne, c. vi., the Manor of Woodstock and the Hundred of Wooton, with their numerous 'appurtenances,' were settled on John, Duke of Marlborough, and his heirs, 'to be holden of Her Majesty, Her Heirs and Successors, as of her castle of Windsor in free and common socage by Fealty, and rendering to Her Majesty, Her Heirs and Successors, on the second day of August, in every year [the anniversary of Blenheim] for ever, at the Castle of Windsor, one standard or colours with three *Flower de Luces* painted thereupon, for all manner of Rents, Services, Exactions, and Demands whatsoever.' In the same way, the Act 55 Geo. III. c. 186, passed immediately after Waterloo, granted a sum of money to be expended in the purchase of a suitable residence and estate for the Duke of Wellington, which estate when acquired was directed 'to be holden by the said Duke and his heirs, and the persons who may be entitled thereto of His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, as of his Castle of Windsor in free and common socage by Fealty, and rendering to His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, on the eighteenth day of June in every year, at the Castle of Windsor, one Tri-coloured Flag, for all manner of Rents, Services, Exactions, and Demands whatsoever.'

These banners are regularly presented to Her Majesty at Windsor on the two anniversaries, and are then suspended in the Guard Chamber of the Castle, where they are usually pointed out to visitors.

In Scotland tenure-services analogous in point of singularity, though not so common, are not unknown. In a recent volume of the *Exchequer Rolls of Scotland* (vol. xv.) several are noticed; of these the most curious is that of the barony of Carnwath, which was charged with the burden of providing an annual prize, consisting of two pairs of hose containing two half-yards of English cloth, for a foot-race. Elsewhere we read of a more singular case—that of certain lands near Cramond, in Midlothian, which were held under the service of furnishing the sovereign every time he (or she) passed over Cramond Bridge with a ewer of water, basin, and towel. This is said to have originated in a grant by James V. to a peasant of the lands of Braehead, in return for services rendered to the monarch, *qua* the Gudeman of Ballangeich. James had been engaged in an expedition similar to that celebrated in the song 'The Jolly Beggar,' when he was set upon by some of the relatives of the fair one as he was returning from the rendezvous. He was being hard pressed by his assailants, when a peasant came to the rescue, and assisted in beating off the attacking party. When the conflict was over this peasant conducted James to a barn, where a basin and towel were with some difficulty procured for the king to remove from his person all traces of the fray. Entering into conversation with his squire, James ascertained that the summit of his ambition was to own the farm on which he laboured. Some time afterwards the farm, which belonged to the Crown, fell vacant, whereupon the peasant was requested to visit Holyrood Palace and inquire for the Gudeman of Ballangeich; and on his doing so he found, greatly to his astonishment, that the Gudeman was none other than the king himself, and still more to his amazement, he was informed by James that a grant was to be made to him of the farm he had so great an ambition to possess. A charter was subsequently executed confirming the gift, and bearing that the grant was made on the condition that the grantee and his successors should present a ewer, basin, and towel for the king to wash his hands each time he happened to pass Cramond Bridge.

The crest, a demi-huntsman winding a horn, and the motto, 'Free for a Blast,' of the Clerk family of Penicuik, Midlothian, reflect the fact that their estate is held by the service of winding a horn three times whenever the sovereign comes to hunt on the Borough Moor of Edinburgh. The Borough Moor has long been represented by Bruntsfield Links, and considering the state of its surroundings now, it is one of the last places a monarch would ever dream of connecting with the chase; so that the present and future possessors of the estate are not likely to be seriously inconvenienced on the score of their tenure.

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